

**He's the Prettiest  
Boy at the Party,  
and He Can Prove  
It with a Solid**

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## He's the Prettiest Boy at the Party, and He Can Prove It with a Solid Right Hook by usnavi

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**Summary:**

“Probably not,” Richie sniffs and then winces, “Can I tell everyone I got punched protecting your honour and virtue?”

Eddie narrows his eyes, “I’m in a relationship with you, idiot. I’m sure whatever kind of honour and virtue I have is gone.”

# He's the Prettiest Boy at the Party, and He Can Prove It with a Solid Right Hook

## Author's Note:

Title is from Frank Iero's album, .STOMACHACHES., which I love.

Characters aren't mine. Enjoy. Feedback is welcome, and thank you to everyone who commented on my last work ;)

Drop me a prompt or an ask [on tumblr](#) ;)

A/N: I might do a lengthy work on these two, and I'm looking for plot points I can work in. So suggest anything. (And do y'all's mind an older!reddie NSFW work, I know it's a bit of a touchy subject to some.)

EDIT: [someone](#) translated my work into Russian. Thank you to them.

## [LINK](#)

Eddie Kaspbrak, for all he brags about being able to do first aid, didn't do a very good job of covering up Richie's black eye and broken nose from where he'd accidentally punched him, and Richie's still glaring at him from where he's sitting on Eddie's bed, hands gripping at his knees, in his one hand Eddie's hand held mirror, and he's white knuckling it so hard Eddie's scared he might have to make up an excuse as to why his hand held mirror is broken. He's taken Richie's glasses off and put it on his bedside table, his personal first aid kit, hydrogen peroxide, some iodine, and band aids scattered on his bed.

At this point, he uses the first aid kit more on Richie than on himself.

He'd been arguing about how Eddie's punch fucked up his face, of

course, *his beautiful face*, he cried, and Eddie would normally be up at arms and ready to fight Richie about it, but right now, he's focusing more on resetting Richie's nose back to where it belongs, because if Mrs. Tozier catches Richie with his glasses scratched and his nose broken, that'll sure put him in a world of pain and being grounded.

"I can't do anything about the bruising," Eddie murmurs, and Richie glares at him even more, lifting the mirror up to look at the bruising, which is actually pretty bad, and if Eddie didn't hurt Richie in the process of punching him, he'd be proud.

He puts down the mirror angrily and squints at his boyfriend, "Were you trying to kill me, or something? I know you want my life insurance, Kaspbrak, don't even *bother* denying it—"

"Oh, yes. I'm only in this relationship for the money and dates to Mickey D's," Eddie settles himself between the V of Richie's legs, "Now, stop moving. I'm snapping your nose back." He puts his hands on Richie's left cheek, his thumbs on the left side of Richie's nose.

He's trying really hard not to smile. Richie stops white knuckling in favour of placing his hand on Eddie's hip, closing one eye and the other looking at anywhere but Eddie.

Richie huffs, "This better not fucking hurt, Kaspbrak, or I'll—"

*Crack!* Eddie grins smugly as he pulls his hand away from Richie's shell-shocked face, the nose now less crooked than it had been before. The dark-eyed boy looks at Eddie with wide eyes, blinking rapidly to indicate that he's in pain. Eddie raises his eyebrows— if he screams, Eddie's mother is going to charge in here and find Richie sitting in her son's bed and throw him out without so much as a warning.

Richie whines, "*Fuck*,"

Eddie shrugs, "This isn't our first rodeo, Richie. Does it really hurt? Do you want me to get an ice pack?"

The other boy glares some more, "You're such a vindictive bitch."

Richie brings the mirror back up to stare at his now... less crooked

nose, the bruise still pretty fucking obvious on his pale skin, “Oh, thank you, darling! It’s beautiful!” Richie says snippily, and Eddie rolls his eyes, tucking back his hair behind his ear before stepping away from Richie and wincing at the motley bruise on half his face, his dark eyes livid.

Eddie smiles, and Richie glares as Eddie twists his hands together, eyes turning soft with guilt, “I am sorry, Richie,”

“Yeah,” Richie sneers, “I mean you totally didn’t mean to punch me —”

“You climbed up my window! It’s midnight! I got scared! God forbid if you were an actual *burglar*!” he slaps his hands over his mouth after his outburst, looking at his door and waiting with bated breath for the door to just burst open with his mother’s red face behind it. Richie stops moving, too, sitting straighter as if he’s going to personally fight Eddie’s mother if she suddenly surges into Eddie’s room.

After a minute, Richie sighs and relaxes back on Eddie’s bed, “Are you going to let me finish?” Eddie bites his lips at that, and Richie frowns, moving to pinch the bridge of his nose but suddenly remembering that his nose is broken, so he just sighs really loudly, “Anyways. I’m sorry I climbed up your window in the middle of the night. I should have called.”

Eddie nods, “Okay. I’m sorry for punching you,” he pauses, “and mom would have fielded our calls, you know that.”

“Your mom’s really protective. I mean, I’m pretty protective of you, too, but you’ve proven you can fuck me up with one punch, so.” Richie shrugs and Eddie’s eyes soften at that, a pink blush overcoming his cheeks. He’s still not used to being Richie’s, and Richie being Eddie’s. But it’s a really good feeling.

“And you should really get used to it by now. I always climb up your windows at weird times.”

The smaller boy smiles and laughs, reaching for Richie’s face again to place a band aid on Richie’s nose. Richie extends his hand out to

touch Eddie's wrist, his long fingers wrapping around it to bring it down to his mouth, before pressing a kiss to the knuckles.

"The reason I went here..." Richie begins, suddenly hesitant and subdued, and Eddie's stomach drops, his skin goose-pimpling, "surprisingly, is to *not* get punched,"

"Am I going to live this down?"

"Probably not," Richie sniffs and then winces, "Can I tell everyone I got punched protecting your honour and virtue?"

Eddie narrows his eyes, "I'm in a relationship with you, idiot. I'm sure whatever kind of honour and virtue I have is gone." He crosses his arms and twists his lips, "At least by association."

Richie purses his lips in deep thought, but agrees.

"But I'll still tell everyone I had a fight over you,"

"Not *with* me?" Eddie suggests, "We can be a really badass power couple."

Richie's eyebrows climb up to his hairline after that statement, cheeks lighting up as he smiles, but not too much, because his whole face hurts (when did Eddie learn how to *punch* like that? Reminder to self: do not surprise Eddie Kaspbrak. Or piss him off.) and he's sure he looks like an idiot like this, and Richie will rather die than tell anyone this, but he likes it when Eddie dotes on him. Makes him feel loved and shit. Eddie makes him fucking *homemade lunch* sometimes (almost all the time, actually). The Losers Club call them married, and if marriage means free lunch, then fuck it, Richie's better off putting a ring on Eddie's finger.

Eddie wipes away some of the blood that seeps back out of Richie's nose, ordering him to sit still, "That'd be cool. You have the best ideas sometimes," he pulls Eddie into his lap and hugs him from behind tightly, the other boy snorting in laughter as he swats at Richie's arm.

"Sometimes?" Eddie scoffs, "You mean all the time?"

Richie hums in thought, "Sometimes. We're fifty-fifty on the Good Idea Scale."

Eddie smirks and gently caresses Richie's arm around his waist, "But no, really, why are you here?"

Richie pouts, then asks in a horrid British accent, "Is there no love for thee?" he kisses the back of Eddie's neck, making Eddie guffaw, but Richie doesn't let up on his tight grip around Eddie's waist, burrowing his face in between the smaller boy's shoulder blades.

They stay like that for a while, before Richie sighs, "I just wanted to see you, is that so bad?"

"I was with you for, like, the whole day,"

"Yeah but I couldn't, like, do super sappy, super gay shit with you. And what's the use of being gay if I can't do it with you?"

Eddie snorts and leans back against his tall boyfriend, "You're so eloquent, Romeo,"

"I don't think Juliet sucker punched her boyfriend,"

The clock indicates that it's a quarter to two A.M., and Eddie peels away from Richie, closing the lights before sliding into his bed, pulling the covers over himself. He knows Richie will follow, and when the sound of shoes being shoved under his bed echoes in the room and Richie does follow, they stare at each other in the dark, the warmth of their breaths somehow comfortable and familiar.

Richie reaches up to press his finger to one of Eddie's many freckles, making Eddie's nose scrunch in that way of his. The smaller boy huffs and scoots closer to Richie's body, waiting for Richie to wrap his arms back around him again, head under Richie's chin and his ear on Richie's chest, listening to his calm heartbeat.

"I wanted to see you, too," Eddie confesses to Richie's chest, and Richie chuckles at that.

His hand begins to rub gentle circles on Eddie's back. After Eddie's fallen asleep, his long eyelashes long and dark against his olive

cheeks, Richie feels him curl in closer, holding Richie back tighter.

He's been thinking about telling Eddie he loves him. Like, for real, not like the 'I love yous' they throw around each other when they're with the gang— he wants to be able to kiss Eddie and tell him that he loves him, maybe call him 'honey' or 'baby' or (*cupcake*) something. God. Even thinking about it, it's so fucking sappy and it sends shivers down his spine, but *goddamn*, does he want to show Eddie Kaspbrak how much he loves him.

"Stop... thinking..." Eddie mutters sleepily, pinching the fat on Richie's lower back.

Richie closes his eyes and smiles, thinking, not for the first or the last time, *I love you*.

#### **Author's Note:**

[on tumblr ;\)](#)

A/N: I feel like I click baited you guys with this. I should make a rewrite where Eddie really kicks ass. That'll be wild